

and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This must be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning sees so: where he himsele will edifie the Duke most piously in our behalfe; hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his learning makes no cry.

3. Weele see the sports, then every man to's Tackle; and Sweete Companions lets rehearse by any meanes, before The Ladies see us, and doe sweetly, and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the sports once ended, wee'l p'forme. Away Boyes and hold.

*Arc.* By your leaves honest friends: pray your whither goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a question's that?

*Arc.* Yes, tis a question, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

*Arc.* Not farre Sir,

Are there such *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:

And such as you neuer saw; The Duke himsele Will be in person there.

*Arc.* What pastimes are they?

2. Wrestling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

*Arc.* Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir

Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde misgives me

This fellow has a vengeance tricke o'th hip; Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though

If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,

He wrastle? he rost eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

*Arc.*

*Arc.* This is an offerd oportunity

I durst not wish for. Well, I could have wrestled,

The best men call'd it excellent, and run

Swifter, then winde upon a feild of Corne

(Curling the wealthy eares) never flew: Ile venture,

And in some poore disguise be there, who knowes

Whether my browes may not be girt with garlands?

And happines preferre me to a place,

Where I may ever dwell in sight of her.

*Exit Arcite,*

*Scena 4. Enter Isidors Daughter alone.*

*Daugh.* Why should I love this Gentleman? Tis odds

He never will affect me; I am base,

My Father the meane Keeper of his Prison,

And he a prince; To marry him is hopelesse;

To be his whore, is witles; Out upon't;

What pushes are we wenches driven to

When fiftene once has found us? First I saw him,

I (seeing) thought he was a goodly man;

He has as much to please a woman in him,

(If he please to bestow it so) as ever

These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him,

And so would any young wench o' my Conscience

That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maydenhead

To a yong haasom Man; Then I lov'd him,

(Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him;

And yet he had a Cosen, faire as he too.

But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there

Lord, what a coyle he keepes? To heare him

Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is?

And yet his Songs are sad-ones; Fairer spoken,

Was never Gentleman. When I come in

To bring him water in a morning, first

He bowes his noble body, then salutes me, thus:

Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow, may thy goodnes,

Get thee a happy husband; Once he kist me,

I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after,

Would he would doe so ev'ry day; He greives much,

And me as much to see his misery.

*What*